

# I saw my Lady weep

To the most famous, Anthony Holborne

John Dowland (c.1563-1626)

Canto

Basso

Lute

I saw my

I saw my La - dy weep, I saw

Lute tuning: D, G, c, f, a, d', g'

La - dy weep, and sor - - row proud to

my La - dy weep, I saw my La - dy weep, I saw my

10

be ad-van - ced so: in those fair

La - dy weep, and sor - - row proud, to be ad - van - ced so, in

eyes, in those fair eyes, where all per-fec - tions keep, her face was

those fair eyes, fair eyes, where all per - fec - tions keep, her

full of woe, full of woe, but such a  
face was full, full of woe, but

Tablature: b a d c | c a c | c e e e

woe (be-lieve me) as wins more hearts, than mirth can do,  
such a woe, as wins more hearts, than mirth

Tablature: a c a | d a c a | d c a a c | b c b c | d e c d | e e e d | c e e a

— with her, with her en-ti-cing parts.  
— can do, with her en-ti-cing parts.

Tablature: c d a a d c | d d a c a | c c c | d d e c | e d c a | e e e d | e e e c

I saw my Lady weepe,  
and sorrow proud to bee advanced so:  
in those faire eies where all perfections keepe,  
hir face was full of woe,  
but such a woe (beleeve me) as wins more hearts,  
then mirth can doe, with hir intysing parts.

O fayrer then ought ells,  
The world can shew, leave of in time to grieve,  
Inough, inough, your joyfull looks excells,  
Teares kills the heart believe,  
O strive not to bee excellent in woe,  
Which onely breeds your beauties overthrow.

Sorow was there made faire,  
And passion wise, teares a delightfull thing,  
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare,  
Shee made hir sighes to sing,  
And all things with so sweet a sadnesse move,  
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

Source: John Dowland, *The Second Book of Songs or Ayres...* (London, 1600), no.1.

II: titled *Canto*

I.25: longa